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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, Vol. V. The Novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Mackenzie, Horace Walpole, and Clara Reece. 8vo. pp. 650; double columns. London 1823. Hurst, Robinson, & Co.

As the volumes of this excellent Collection have appeared, we have explained their qualities, and commended them to the notice which they deserve from the public. Upon the question of their form, there may be varieties of opinion; but upon the question of their literary merits, there can be none. The present Volume is the richest which has yet come from the Border Press, and offers more striking claims to popularity than any of its predecessors; for it contains no fewer than six biographical memoirs (of the authors above enumerated) and critical remarks upon their works, from the admired and peculiarly competent pen of Sir Walter Scott. To these Papers (as the *Novels themselves*, in spite of their name, have nothing new,) we shall have the pleasure of shortly directing the attention of our readers.

Of Sterne, the account is by no means full; nor indeed was it necessary to make it so, since that eccentric genius is sufficiently known as his own biographer. Yet we will venture to recal his curious auto-biographical piece to memory by quoting the part where he describes his father, and relates the circumstances of his death:

"From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose!); with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March 1721."

Upon the style of Sterne, Sir W. Scott closes his critique with the following judicious observations:

"The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart,

he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple writers,—as one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses, whom England has produced."

The prefatory Memoir to Goldsmith is written with justice and sympathy, and is at once acute and kind. We select a few illustrative passages:

"It must be owned, that however kind, amiable, and benevolent, Goldsmith shewed himself to his contemporaries, more especially to such as needed his assistance, he had no small portion of the jealous and irritable spirit proper to the literary profession. He suffered a newspaper lampoon about this time to bring him into a foolish affray with Evans the editor, which did him but little credit."

"In the meantime, a neglect of economy, occasional losses at play, and too great a reliance on his own versatility and readiness of talent, had considerably embarrassed his affairs."

We are not clear that the charge of gaming is justly urged against Goldsmith, for he was certainly a man little versed in the mysteries of fashionable life, where this folly, or rather vice, prevailed. On the contrary, we remember a very interesting description of a party given by the Bard himself at his Chambers—in the Temple, the circumstances of which, as derived from an eye-witness and one of the visitors, seem to render his knowledge of play, and familiarity with its losses, very doubtful. When poor Goldsmith had wrought his way up to fame, some friend wishing to introduce him into more and higher society, advised him to give an evening entertainment at his Chambers. Ladies and gentlemen were accordingly invited, and the titled and untitled came. Goldsmith, in a pea-green coat, and other part of his dress appropriately gay, received his guests with due politeness, and the party amused themselves very agreeably. After tea, &c. cards were proposed; and *Lo!* the fashionable game of that day, soon engaged the attention of its votaries, Goldsmith attending and enjoying the vicissitudes of their speculations. At length, however, he was observed to become exceedingly agitated; he walked round the table, and up and down, with a disordered step and a disturbed air. Mr. Bunbury, one of the gamblers, had a run of ill luck, and had lost several pounds! This so distressed his host that he could endure it no longer, but, shocked to see any one plundered of so immense a sum in his house, he called him out of the room, and slipping a guinea into his hand, begged him for heaven's sake to play no more. The diversion occasioned by this sally was not the least amusing part of the mistakes of that night; and we can vouch for the truth of it as an original anecdote of him who was indeed in "simplicity a child."

With Sir W. S.'s peroration on the Vicar of Wakefield, we shall take our leave of this subject:

"But whatever defects occur in the tenor of the story, the admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the *Vicar of Wakefield* one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed. The principal character, that of the simple Pastor himself, with all the worth and excellency which ought to distinguish the ambassador of God to man, and yet with just so much of pedantry and of literary vanity as serves to shew that he is made of mortal mould, and subject to human failings, is one of the best and most pleasing pictures ever designed. It is perhaps impossible to place frail humanity before us in an attitude of more simple dignity than the Vicar, in his character of pastor, of parent, and of husband. His excellent help-mate, with all her motherly cunning, and housewifely prudence, loving and respecting her husband, but counterplotting his wisest schemes, at the dictates of maternal vanity, forms an excellent counterpart. Both, with their children around them, their quiet labour and domestic happiness, compose a fireside picture of such a perfect kind, as perhaps is nowhere else equalled. It is sketched indeed from common life, and is a strong contrast to the exaggerated and extraordinary characters and incidents which are the resource of those authors, who, like Bayes, make it their business to elevate and surprise; but the very simplicity of this charming book renders the pleasure it affords more permanent. We read the *Vicar of Wakefield* in youth and in age—We return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we chuse the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, and the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps there are few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor, rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons, into whose company he had been thrust by his villainous creditor. In too many works of this class, the critics must apologize for or censure particular passages in the narrative, as unfit to be perused by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume, with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature, which he adorned."

Grappling with the name of Dr. Johnson, the writer commences in a style becoming his theme.

"Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon pos-

terity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncountness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon-mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

"All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance which chiefly resembles it in structure, is the life of the philosopher Demophion, in Lucian; but that slight sketch is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*."

Without going regularly over the ground, we shall next copy the biographer's very apposite and candid remarks on the ill-blood which arose between the Doctor and the most national of the Scots.

"The author's celebrated *Journey to the Hebrides* was published in 1775. Whatever might be his prejudices against Scotland, its natives must concede, that many of his remarks concerning the poverty and barrenness of the country, tended to produce those subsequent exertions, which have done much to remedy the causes of reproach. The Scots were angry because Johnson was not enraptured with their scenery, which, from a defect of bodily organs, he could neither see nor appreciate; and they seem to have set rather too high a rate on the hospitality paid to a stranger, when they contended it should shut the mouth of a literary traveller upon all subjects but those of panegyric. Dr. Johnson took a better way of repaying the civilities he received, by exercising kindness and hospitality in London to all such friends as he had received attention from in Scotland."

The following are also worthy of being selected to exemplify this well-written memoir, and to adorn the pages of a *Literary Gazette*:

"Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness."

"When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy

tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience."

"The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable."

Not to fatigue our friends with too much of one sort, we shall postpone the remaining three sketches, of Mackenzie, Walpole, and C. Reeve, till our ensuing publication.

Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the age of Nineteen, &c. &c. By John D. Hunter. 8vo. pp. 447. London 1823. Longman & Co.

A RATHER extraordinary number of works on the state of society (can it be called so?) in North America, have burst upon us of late. From James we have turned to Mackenzie, Hearne, and Franklin; and while these still occupy our attention, it is again divided by

the, if possible more interesting, statement of Mr. Hunter. It is true that we before knew many of the things these writers tell us; but even Carver's delightful book, which excited our youngest feelings on the subject, did not throw so vivid a light upon the pictures as has been condensed into the last month's *Literary Gazette*.

Mr. Hunter, whom we have had the pleasure of meeting in company, and for whom it is impossible but to entertain a deep interest, has naturally given his narrative in two forms—the first his personal history; the second, his accounts of the manners, customs, &c. of those with whom he so long associated. To the former we are at present confined; and a history more calculated to attract the public has not, in our opinion, been given since De Foe made Alexander Selkirk his own under the fiction of Robinson Crusoe.

Descended from some European settlers, it appears that all Mr. Hunter's relatives were "savagely murdered," while he was yet a child; and himself and two other children carried into captivity, if that term be applicable to the sort of wild adoption that prevails among the native Indians. Of his companions nothing is known, except that the one, a girl, was butchered because she cried, and the other was separated from his fellow and sent to some other tribe. Our subject was retained by the Kickapoo, and all his early days were passed among the Kanzas, with whom, and their district, our Review of "James' Expedition" renders it needless to trouble our readers. Becoming naturally a perfect Indian, except in features and a shade of colour, the European savage grew to maturity. His adventures, his thoughts, and all his feelings, are those of a Kansa or Osage. Expert in the chase, he is named The Hunter; and there is nothing to distinguish him from those among whom he was reared:

"It is (he tells us) a remarkable fact, that white people generally, when brought up among the Indians, become unalterably attached to their customs, and seldom afterwards abandon them. I have known two instances of white persons, who had arrived at manhood, leaving their connections and civilized habits, assuming the Indian; and fulfilling all his duties. These, however, happened among the Cherokees. Thus far I am an exception, and it is highly probable I shall ever remain such; though, I must confess, the struggle in my bosom was for a considerable time doubtful, and even now my mind often reverts to the innocent scenes of my childhood, with a mixture of pleasurable and painful emotions that is altogether indescribable. But my intercourse with refined society, acquaintance with books, and a glimpse at the wonderful structure into which the mind is capable of being moulded, have, I am convinced, unalterably attached me to a social intercourse with civilized man, composed as he is of crudities and contradictions."

His purpose is however, we believe, much nobler than this; it is to accomplish himself with science and information, and return to his old friends with the view of raising them in the scale of society. And we can vouch from our own observation, that, uniting the intrepid and persevering character of the Indian with the intelligence of the educated European, he is eminently fitted to achieve this grand design, and change the face of an important race of mankind.

Of his first life and impressions a few extracts will afford a notion:

"The accounts of the white people, which the Indians had been very particular in giving me, were no ways flattering to my colour; they were represented as an inferior order of beings, wicked, treacherous, cowardly, and only fit to transact the common drudgeries of life. I was at the same time assured, that my transposition from them to the Indians was for me a most fortunate occurrence; for now I might become an expert hunter, brave warrior, wise counsellor, and possibly a distinguished chief of their nation. All this I considered as true, till the arrival of the traders among us. They were particularly kind and attentive to me, and made me several trifling presents; in consequence of which I in general formed strong attachments for them. They gave me to understand, that what the Indians had told me was incorrect; they informed me, that the white people were numerous, powerful, brave, generous, and good; that they lived in large houses, some of which floated on the great waters; that their towns were very extensive, and filled with people as numerous as the sand; and that they fought with great guns, and could kill many at a single fire. They used various methods to induce me to visit them; but although these reports were in part believed, my curiosity much excited, and my mind filled with wonder and astonishment, at the existence of such extraordinary things; yet, I could not bring my feelings to consent to such a measure.

"After some reflection, the prejudices imbibed in early life returned in their full strength."

"We remained among the Grand Osages, till early in the next fall. During our stay, I saw a number of white people, who, from different motives, resorted to this nation: among them was a clergyman, who preached several times to the Indians through an interpreter. He was the first Christian preacher that I had ever heard of or seen. The Indians treated him with great respect, and listened to his discourses with profound attention; but could not, as I heard them observe, comprehend the doctrines he wished to inculcate. It may be appropriately mentioned here, that the Indians are accustomed, in their own debates, never to speak but one at a time; while all others, constituting the audience, invariably listen with patience and attention till their turn to speak arrives. This respect is still more particularly observed towards strangers; and the slightest deviation from it would be regarded by them as rude, indecorous, and highly offensive. It is this trait in the Indian character which many of the missionaries mistake for a serious impression made on their minds; and which has led to many exaggerated accounts of their conversion to Christianity."

"Among his exploits we are told—

"The Pawnees, in order to deceive us, had sent a detachment from their party, for a short distance on the direct route; but their trail in the other direction was too perceptible to pass unnoticed. We therefore proceeded in it, till we arrived within from forty to sixty yards of where they were secreted among the shrubbery and rocks, waiting for us to pass on the other route between them and the river. We then singled out our objects, and, on a signal given by the chief, fired on them. The surprise was complete: the party, which was much more numerous

than ours, was routed, and eighteen scalps taken. In this engagement I took a scalp, which was my first and last essay of the kind. I name this with great repugnance to my present feelings; but, as I set out to give a correct history of my life, I cannot, in justice to the subject, omit this circumstance."

"On our way up, we fell in with a party of friendly Maha Indians, who were ascending the river, to a former battle ground, with a view to collect the bones, and pay the last solemn rites to the manes of their unfortunate countrymen, who, some time before, had been surprised and all cut off by their enemies, except one, who was their pilot on this occasion. This individual's escape had something of the miraculous in it, and some account of it here may not prove uninteresting to my readers. The Mahas, to the number of forty or fifty, were on a hunting excursion, and had encamped on the banks of a considerable stream that flows into the La Platte. In this situation, they were surrounded on all sides, except that of the river, by a numerous party of Indians; who made their advance so cautiously, as not to be perceived till they had singled out and fired upon their objects. The war-whoop and rush then followed; and all, except four or five who fled to the river, were massacred on the spot. Those who took to the river were pursued; and all, except Nee-kish-lau-teeh, the subject of this anecdote, were shot as they were swimming. Nee-kish-lau-teeh, though twice slightly wounded, escaped to the opposite shore, and took a circuitous route through some woods that bordered on it, struck the river again some distance below, but in sight of his camps, and there secretly observed the motions of his enemies. He supposed that all his companions had been slain, and that no efforts of his foes would be wanting to number him with them, in order more effectually to screen themselves from detection, and avert the just vengeance which their atrocious conduct merited.

"In this supposition he was not mistaken; for, on arriving at the bank, as just noticed, he observed the Indians making preparations to cross after him. In consequence of which he again took to the woods, following the course of the river, till he came to a bend, where he re-swam it, and then changed his course directly back towards the place where his party had been surprised. On arriving within a suitable distance to notice whatever might transpire, he secreted himself in some drift-grass, with which the willows adjacent to the stream were thickly interwoven, and there patiently waited for two days and two nights the events that followed. The Indians, to the number of ten or twelve, crossed the river in pursuit; showed themselves at several places on the banks, both above and below their crossing-place; and, towards night, recrossed, and joined their main party. Early next morning, a still greater number crossed the river, and took its course downwards; while another party took the same direction, on the side where Nee-kish-lau-teeh had secreted himself. This party was so arranged as to sweep the whole of the thick undergrowth along the shore: it proceeded slowly, and searched apparently in every place but the one which contained the object of their pursuit. The Maha had nearly buried himself in the sand, and was otherwise completely hidden: he saw his blood-thirsty foes almost in the act of treading him under their feet, and heard them encouraging each other,

and threatening him with cruel tortures and a lingering death; but he fortunately escaped their search. At night, the parties returned and encamped; and the next morning, having abandoned the search, crossed the river, and journeyed into the country along its banks. The Maha remained in his hiding-place all that day; and at night, in hopes of procuring some food, cautiously approached, first the recent encampments of the hostile Indians, and then those of his unfortunate companions.

"He found buffalo-meat, satisfied his appetite, slaked his thirst at a neighbouring spring, cleansed and dressed his wounds, and made such provision as he could for a long journey.

"He was feeble from long fasting and the wounds he had received, and was without any offensive or defensive weapons whatever; but, nevertheless, in the dead of the night, with sensations too painful to be described, he left this ill-fated spot covered with the mangled carcasses of his brother warriors.

"On his journey home, he travelled in the night time, secreted himself by day, and subsisted altogether on roots; after much suffering, however, he carried the distressing intelligence to his countrymen.

"A party of Loups committed this horrid massacre; a long and bloody war followed, in which the Mahas fully satiated their desire for revenge. They had beaten them wholly from those grounds, and could now hunt on them, without the fear of being disturbed. Such at least is the account that Nee-kish-lau-teeh gave of the transaction, and the consequences that followed. This Maha was probably fifty years of age when I saw him: he spoke the Kan-as language to us with some difficulty to be understood. He had been once across the Rocky Mountains, and much among the neighbouring tribes and nations; by whom, as well as by his own people, he was held in high estimation. They even supposed him to be more under the immediate protection of the Great Spirit, than the generality of the Indians; hence his influence was great; and besides the duties of a chief, he often performed those of a prophet and physician.

"The description this old man gave of his excursion to the great hills of the west excited the curiosity and ambition of our whole party, and was the primary cause that led us to the execution of a similar expedition."

This strange adventure led to an expedition in which Hunter and a party of Indians crossed the Rocky Mountains, and visited the Pacific Ocean—a journey, like Mackenzie's second trip in almost all its particulars, except that the Indians generally found friends where the traders found foes.

"As we advanced (towards the ocean, says our author,) we found the Indians more numerous, equally friendly, and more liberally disposed, than those we had passed in the upper country. Game was every where scarce, and we were indebted to the hospitality of strangers for a portion of what was necessary to our subsistence. Sometimes we assisted in taking fish, but the stores of this article were generally so abundant, and so little valued, as to render our efforts in this way rather a source of amusement than consideration to our friendly hosts. We accepted these proffered obligations in preference to running the risk of giving offence, by destroying their game, which was esteemed by them in proportion to its scarcity. The nations thro'

which we passed, did not possess the warlike character of the Indians of the Missouri and Mississippi regions. They were all at peace, and had frequent intercourse with each other, without exciting the least suspicion or jealousy. These circumstances facilitated our progress very much, for we were always accompanied by some of them, from one tribe to another. Besides, we frequently had the use of some of their canoes or rafts, to assist us on our way. In this manner, we continued our route, sometimes over barren prairies, hills, &c. and at others, through woods, till we arrived at the great Pacific Ocean. Here, the surprise and astonishment of our whole party was indescribably great. The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit, from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread, the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say, our minds were serious, and our devotions continued, all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe, that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more pacific water boundary assigned to him by our traditional dogmas.

After coasting the ocean near the Columbia for a short space, our adventurers returned.

This remarkable excursion to the Pacific Ocean affords a strong instance of the ardent curiosity implanted in human nature. The thirst of travel in untutored minds,—in men who seemed to have no other impulse than the restless desire of change,—no traffic to urge them on,—no wish of improvement to bring back,—yet undergoing every species of fatigue, danger, and deprivation, as we might say without an object, is one of the most striking illustrations of a universal and active principle which ever came within our observation; and not among the least extraordinary matters in this altogether extraordinary history. Nor ought the honours which awaited the return of the party to be forgotten: if Savages thus reward their adventurous compatriots, what ought civilized nations to do?

"The Osages had looked upon us as lost, and greeted our arrival among them in the most joyful and tumultuous manner. My Indian mother and sister wept aloud, and the squaws, young and old, danced around us to the cadence of their festival songs, and decorated our persons in the same manner as though we had returned triumphant over the enemies of our country. The old men and warriors listened with wonder and astonishment at the narration of our adventures, and lavished on us the meeds of praise, and high

encomiums, heretofore only bestowed on the most distinguished of their nation. In fine, Tare-beem, who before ranked as a distinguished and leading warrior, was now listened to among the sage counsellors: the rest of the party were ranked among the bravest of the warriors, and many of the unmarried men received from the young squaws, some a greater and some a less number of ears of corn, as so many individual invitations to enter into matrimonial alliances."

With this we shall rest for the present; the transfer of our hero from the banks of the Missouri to those of the Thames offering ample matter for another Chapter.

We have only to add, that his biography was wretchedly got up and published in America, so interlarded and mended by some editor who could not appreciate its value as it came untouched from the lips of its author, with all its original characters, modes of expression, style, and native thought about it; that its restoration to what it ought always to have been, is not only a service to literature, but to philosophy, where

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

Outlines of a System of Political Economy, &c.; with an Essay on the Principles of Banking. By T. Joplin. 8vo. London 1823. Baldwin & Co.

AND yet another Economist! If we do not at length arrive at some fixed fundamental principles in the very important science of Statistics, it will not be from a deficiency of professors in it. But unfortunately for this science, those who find themselves prompted to publish their ideas on it, do not choose to begin by discussing its main points practically, or endeavouring to establish or refute the doctrines of eminent teachers in it, (for it boasts many eminent teachers,) as is usual in other sciences. They set up at once for themselves as masters. Every economist commences not only a professor, but a system-monger. Thus we have a constant succession of apparently differing systems, though in most of them there is nothing original of any importance. What does appear to be new to general readers, who happen to look into such works, or to raw students, is perceived by the experienced statistician to be only some old well-known doctrine or principle, clothed in the dress of some new expressions, and often rendered unintelligible by the change.

This is not only injurious to real progress in a science on which so much of the well-being and comforts of a nation frequently depends, but it deters the great body of readers from meddling with it. They see nothing but a chaos of clashing opinions, or a mass of incomprehensible fancies, in economical works, and they throw these aside.

Most persons, who can scribble at all, think themselves capable of writing a Novel. And those who turn their attention to Statistics, seem of late to entertain a similar notion as to writing a treatise on Political Economy. But the crude notions and inconsistent speculations which have been the result of this fond idea, show that the task is not so easy as they imagine.

The science of Statistics, or of Political Economy, though a science connected with common every-day facts, requires in the inquirer not only great acuteness and discrimination, but a long and minute attention to actual results, and a habit of rigorously de-

ducing real causes and principles from them. We would therefore recommend to statisticians to abandon the practice of system-making, and confine themselves now to particular and practical discussions. Their object should be to assist the public in coming to a correct decision on the great practical questions, What is the real source of wealth? Whether all kinds of employment, and of course all classes, are productive of additional income and wealth; or some are productive while others are destructive of wealth to the community? Whether population regulates subsistence, or subsistence population? And whether the increase of population is the grand source of all permanent increase of wealth, or rather tends to increase and perpetuate poverty? Whether high average prices enrich or impoverish a nation? Which is the most effective species of money, the metal or the paper sort; and what are the principles which ought to regulate either; and at present, in particular, what is the real influence of money upon prices? These questions are all nearly practical; and the decisions upon them affect the interests of every individual, as well as every community. We have already said that we are willing to assist in giving publicity to any practical discussion on these important topics, whatever be the side adopted by the writer. But what does the practice, of late indulged in, of presenting us with new systems founded on verbal differences or crude and fanciful distinctions, bring either to science, or the public, or even to the writer? It tends only to perplex, promote error, and to render the subject unpopular and repulsive.

Mr. Joplin, in his Preface to the work before us, tells us that "his motive in writing the Essay on the Principles of Banking was entirely interested." (p. iv.) * He is a man of business; and we are always ready to listen to the observations of men of business respecting facts, even though they may become confused in tracing these to principles. But he has by no means confined himself now to the subject of Banking. He runs round the whole circle of statistics; and has tried his hand at system making. In this unnecessary task we cannot flatter him that he has been more successful than several of his late predecessors. We do not perceive that he has brought forward any really new principle of importance; but we discover many crude and unproven data assumed for principles. It is difficult to class him. We find him sometimes maintaining doctrines of the productive school; sometimes those of the unproductive; and sometimes both at once.

He presents us with twenty-five "consecutive propositions in Political Economy, which are capable of proof," (p. xii.) and which he had submitted to the consideration of Mr. Huskisson. We do not wonder at that wary Economist's declining to offer an opinion upon them. And though he does not say they startled him, we confess they startled us, and almost made us lay aside the book at once. Far from reckoning these "consecutive propositions," as Mr. Joplin calls them, "capable of proof," with the exception of two or three that are merely technical, and the 22d, we consider them as liable to contest, as unwarranted by actual results. Some of them are also inconsistent with the propositions hazarded and maintained in other parts of the work.

* It is a very clear and clever pamphlet.

The 22d.—“The reduction of the expenditure of Government creates the evil which it is intended to cure,” (p. xv.) seems to be drawn for the productive school, and we consider it to be the actual fact. But how does this agree with the notion which he entertains concerning taxes, (p. xiii.) that “with respect to the national prosperity, the taxes are neither an evil nor a good.” This neutral view of taxes is maintained again in the Chapter on Taxes, (p. 129.) Some of his observations respecting these unpopular charges, made by Government are correct, but others are founded on ex parte considerations, and by no means consistent. The general proposition, (p. 131.) that “they fall ultimately upon real property;” if by this it be meant to be affirmed that they fall wholly on the income arising from what is called real property, is, we think, unsound. They fall ultimately on every species of income, but are countercharged for on the prices of all, except fixed annuities, like the other charges, for food, clothing, lodging, &c.

One of Mr. J.’s consecutive propositions, on Consumption, is the following:—“It is the supply which creates the demand, and not the demand which creates the supply.” This will make the practical man stare. It is, however, a leading doctrine of M. Say, the French Economist. But nothing appears to be clearer in the business of real life, than that it is only an increase in the demand which renders an increase in the supply productive; and that an increase in the latter not called for by an increase in the former, uniformly tends to diminish profit, income, and value. Mr. Joplin, in what he quaintly styles “the fulcrum of the argument,” seems to forget this consecutive proposition of his, and coming over to the side of Mr. Gray, as boldly maintains that the demand is the source of production or the supply: “Now the first thing necessary to the annual production of any commodity is, that there should be an annual consumption and demand for it. Its production is, in fact, a proof of its consumption. Without consumption no demand could exist, and no production would take place. Demand, on the other hand, proceeds from income,” &c. (p. 33.) This latter proposition is unquestionably true. But both demand and supply are alike necessary to the creation of income and wealth.

Mr. J. however becomes an unproductive again, and presents us not only with a consecutive proposition, (No. 2.) but a Chapter (p. 101) in defence of the old absurd dogma of Quesnay, and the French land Economists, that “all income, or wealth, is derived from the soil;” which has been so decisively refuted, and which is so directly contrary to facts. The reasoning, which he uses in maintaining this sophism would equally prove that all income is derived from the air, because the agents in production cannot carry on one portion in the process without breathing. If he had attended to the decisive fact, that the income of this country is at least double the amount of the produce of land, and asked himself, whence comes the other moiety? and if he had also attended to the fact in all countries, that in proportion as they grow more populous and rich, the income derived from other sources bears an increasing proportion to that derived from land, he would not have ventured, at this period of the Science, to revive this exploded doctrine. But Mr. J. goes still farther. Not content with supporting Quesnay’s theory, he also supports

that of Dr. Adam Smith, and adds labour to land as an additional source of wealth, (p. 32.) though the latter is evidently quite at variance with the former. From a definition of Rent, upon which we do not think it necessary to enter, the author passes to the interesting topic of Population. He commences a warm and determined Anti-populationist, (p. 85.) Far from agreeing with Mr. Gray, that “population regulates subsistence,” which looks very like a truism, and that “the increase of population is the grand source of the permanent increase of wealth,” he applauds the opinions of Mr. Malthus, that subsistence regulates population, and that the increase of population has a tendency to increase poverty, and, when in a rapid ratio, “to reduce a great part of the lower classes to a state of pauperism,” (p. 88.) As he proceeds, however, his anti-population ideas gradually forsake him. He becomes less hostile to that doctrine of common sense, the regulating power of population over the supply of subsistence; and at length, on the grand result as to wealth, he writes like an ardent populationist. “Population (affirms he) is necessary to wealth. No country can be rich until it is populous.” And “countries which are thickly populated are always rich.” (p. 99.)

These are statements of actual facts. And we ask Mr. J. how it is possible that such results could flow from populousness with a tendency in the increase of population to reduce the great mass to poverty? Or do they not necessarily imply the actual operation of the principles which Mr. Gray has attributed to the increase of population and to populousness—that the former increases the production of wealth, according to a new ratio, always increasing with the increasing numbers; and that, *ceteris paribus*, it is according to the greater density of population that it creates a greater average quantum of employment, and is more rich. The impoverishing influence of peculiar circumstances, indeed, may retard or counteract the natural wealth-augmenting influence of the increase of population, as in the case of Ireland; but these exceptions, far from overturning, serve to confirm the general principle.

We come now to the topic of money, in which we expected to find Mr. J., as a banker, quite at home; but we are staggered when we discover that he sets out with adopting the fundamental error (as we conceive) that the quantum of money regulates the price of commodities. This idea seems to have been first successfully propagated by Mr. Hume in his Essay on Money, and has led to the substitution of the effect for the cause, or giving the regulating power to the effect over its cause with respect to money. The decisiveness of facts against this notion of Mr. Hume and the bullionists, and the distress produced by acting practically on it, have of late, we suspect, made many doubt who formerly maintained its accuracy.

Our limits and its own nature will not allow us to go more minutely into the question; but we may briefly state our doctrine in one paragraph. The notion that the quantum of money regulates prices, originated, and has been kept up, from confounding mere money, or exchanging counters, with the capital, which money is either the medium of creating, as in the case of paper, or credit counters, or of distributing, as in other cases. Most statisticians, and Mr. J. among the rest, like the multitude, mix up the one with the other,

and they erroneously attribute to money what is really the effect of capital. Mere money, or exchanging counters, is the measure, not the regulator of value, and has no more influence in regulating the price of muslin, for example, than the yard-wand that measures it.

And yet on so unwarranted a dogma as the reverse of this, or “to maintain a given level of prices,” Mr. J. grounds what he calls a “Plan for the government of the currency,” p. 258. Of this plan we are constrained to say that the professed purpose is an absurd one; that were even the purpose wise, such an institution would be unnecessary; and that the committee, which he proposes, would only, by their interference, do harm.

We say this without reference to the extraordinary proposal for intrusting a power to increase or diminish the quantum of capital attainable by the farmers, manufacturers, builders, merchants, and the rest, in a district, to any committee. No nation that has made any progress in commerce, and much less the British, could submit to such an interference with the freedom of trade. Without even supposing that this junta would use their despotic power to crush any political or commercial enemies; but who will not conceive this to be occasionally no unlikely mode of acting? the very consciousness of the existence of such a body of commercial dictators would prevent spirited men from venturing on any enterprise which required an extension of capital.

It is surely unnecessary to go farther into such a plan, which, to our minds, is very Quixotic; and we have too high an opinion of the good sense of our ministers to suppose they would countenance any scheme for interfering with the liberty of trade and the private distribution of capital.

Mr. J. in his pamphlet “on Banking,” annexed to this work, is more practical. Here he is at home. And what he has said on the subject of Joint Stock Banking Companies upon the Scottish plan, or without a limit to the number of partners, is well worth attention. Issuing companies of this description in England would be a great advantage; and we should conceive it should be made a regulation, with respect to all issuing houses, in order to prevent bankers themselves from engaging in rash speculations, that no partner of the firm should have the power of drawing upon it, except like any of its customers, upon a cash account, and to the extent only of its deposits on that account.

But we have rather exceeded our limits. We should have been better pleased to have had it in our power to give a more favourable opinion of the present work, and particularly as it is the work of a man of business. But when the man of business leaves the office and its sober realities for the library, to indulge in hypotheses, and support them by loose reasoning, he is still more inexcusable than the closet speculatist.

In expressing ourselves so strongly on the subject, we have only in view to check that ridiculous propensity to fancying and system-making in a science immediately connected with plain every-day facts, which has rendered it the laughing-stock of the general community, and the pest of practical men in parliament and out of it, as a more medley of fantastic dreams, misconceptions, and absurdities.

The Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland. By W. Grant Stewart. 12mo. pp. 293. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hurst & Co.

THOUGH there is hardly any novelty in this book, it is, we think, likely to be read with pleasure; first, because the subject is one of universal interest; secondly, because the stories are full of wonder; and, thirdly, because the whole is tolerably well put together. Thus the author of *Popular Superstitions* may fairly calculate on having uttered a popular publication, in which Ghosts are seen as they ought to be, Fairies still enchant, Brownies and Waterkelpies excite an alarming interest, Spunkies illumine the page darkened by their mischievous feats, and Witches and Boggles scare the sense. We should state perhaps that Mr. Stewart is partially wrong in calling all these the superstitions of the *Highlanders*: they are all Scottish, but several of them are not Highland. This is however of small consequence in such a compilation.

The account of "*Highland Festive Amusements*" is even less original than the preceding parts: but the whole will be found amusing as a good story book. Our task will easily be discharged by the selection of a tale or two, most convenient for separation:

"A sage philosopher, who had long desired an opportunity of practising this bold experiment, found, 'late one night,' when returning home from a market, a very convenient one. Observing a stont lassy ghost stalking very majestically along the public road, this bold adventurer hesitated not a moment. Clapping himself into a defensive attitude, he reversed his cuff—when, lo! his next-door neighbour's wife was instantly confronted to his face—clad in death's awful apparel—the death-candle glowing in her throat, and mouth full distended. Such an exhibition was too appalling to wish for a long interview; and, accordingly, Donald Dougl, the adventurer, made a motion to be off, but in vain. The unhappy man, as if transformed into a stone, could no more move than Lot's wife, and was obliged to stand confronted to his loving companion, both equally sparing of their talk, until the crowing of the cock in the morning. Finding himself then released from his uncomfortable stance, he was about to make the best of his way home, to communicate the result of his experiment, when the friendly wife's ghost thus addressed him: 'Donald Dougl—Donald Dougl—Donald Dougl—hear me, and tremble. Great is the hindrance you have caused me this night,—a hindrance for which you should have been severely punished, but for the friendship which formerly subsisted between yourself and my partner. Dare not again to pry into the mysteries of the dead. The time will come when you'll know these secrets.' To this poetical harangue Donald Dougl made no other reply than a profound obeisance. It is possible, however, the ghost would have proposed a rejoinder, had not a chanticleer, in the adjacent hamlet, emitted his third clation; at the magic sound of which the wife's ghost fairly took to her heels, leaving Donald Dougl to resume his course homewards without further advice. Satisfied of the interesting nature of the occurrence, and that his reputation for courage and veracity would suffer no diminution from the relation, Donald Dougl made no secret of what happened. This clearly foretold what speedily took place, the dissolution of the neighbour's wife, (who, by the

way, was dangerously ill at the time,) to the great grief of her husband, and the credit of Donald Dougl's name."

We do not like the author's facetiousness; he who tells a ghost story, if he wishes to tell it properly and effectually, should tell it as if he sincerely believed it. But we will take another—

"There was at one time a woman, who lived in Camp-del-more of Strathvon, whose cattle were seized with a murrain, or some such fell disease, which ravaged the neighbourhood at the time, carrying off great numbers of them daily. All the *forlorn fires* and *hallowed waters* failed of their customary effects; and she was at length told by the wise people whom she consulted on the occasion, that it was evidently the effect of some infernal agency, the power of which could not be destroyed by any other means than the never-failing specific—the juice of a *dead head* from the church-yard,—a nostrum certainly very difficult to be procured, considering the head must needs be abstracted from a grave in the hour of midnight. Being, however, a woman of a stont heart and strong faith, native feelings of delicacy towards the blessed sanctuary of the dead had more weight in restraining her for some time from resorting to this desperate remedy than those of fear. At length, seeing that her bestial stock would soon be completely annihilated by the destructive career of the disease, the wife of Camp-del-more resolved to put the experiment in practice, whatever the result might be. Accordingly, having, with considerable difficulty, engaged a neighbouring woman to be her companion in this hazardous expedition, they set out, about midnight, for the parish church-yard, distant about a mile and a half from her residence, to execute her determination. On arriving at the church-yard, her companion, whose courage was not so notable, appalled by the gloomy prospect before her, refused to enter among the habitations of the dead. She, however, agreed to remain at the gate till her friend's business was accomplished. This circumstance, however, did not stagger our heroine's resolution. She, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, proceeded towards what she supposed an old grave,—took down her spade, and commenced her operations. After a good deal of toil she arrived at the object of her labour. Raising the first head, or rather skull, that came her way, she was about to make it her own property, when, lo! a hollow wild sepulchral voice exclaimed, 'That is *my* head—let it alone!' Not wishing to dispute the claimant's title to this head, and supposing she could be otherwise provided, she very good naturedly returned it, and took up another. 'That is my father's head,' bellowed the same voice. Wishing, if possible, to avoid disputes, the wife of Camp-del-more took up another head, when the same voice instantly started a claim to it as his grandfather's head. 'Well,' replied the wife, nettled at her disappointments, 'although it were your grandmother's head, you shan't get it till I am done with it.'—'What do you say, you limmer?' says the ghost, starting up in his awry habiliments; 'What do you say, you limmer?' repeated he in a great rage. 'By the great oath you had better leave my grandfather's head.' Upon matters coming this length, the wily wife of Camp-del-more thought it proper to assume a more conciliatory aspect. Telling the claimant the whole particulars of the predicament in which

she was placed by the foresaid calamity, she promised faithfully, that, if his Honour would only allow her to carry off his grandfather's skull, or head, in a peaceable manner, she would restore it again when done with it. Here, after some communing, they came to an understanding, and she was allowed to take the head along with her, on condition she should restore it before cock-crowing, under the heaviest penalties.

"On coming out of the church-yard, and looking for her companion, she had the mortification to find her 'without a mouthful of breath in her body'; for, on hearing the dispute between her friend and the guardian of the grave, and suspecting much that she was likely to share the unpleasant punishments with which he threatened her friend, at the bare recital of them she fell down in a faint, from which it was no easy matter to recover her. This proved no small inconvenience to Camp-del-more's wife, as there were not above two hours to elapse ere she had to return the head in terms of her agreement. Taking her friend upon her back, she carried her up a steep acclivity to the nearest adjoining house, where she left her for the night; then repaired home with the utmost speed—made *dead bree* of the *dead head*, and, ere the appointed time had expired, she restored the head to its guardian, and placed the grave in its former condition. It is needless to add, that, as a reward for her exemplary courage, the '*bree*' had its desired effect—the cattle speedily recovered—and, so long as she retained any of it, all sorts of diseases were of short duration."

The following example, with which we conclude, will remind readers of the lately revived, well told, and entertaining tale of Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving—

"Nearly three hundred years ago, there lived in Strathspey two men, greatly celebrated for their performances on the fiddle. It happened upon a certain Christmas time, that they had formed the resolution of going to Inverness, to be employed in their musical capacities, during that festive season. Accordingly, having arrived in that great town, and secured lodgings, they sent round the newsman and his bell, to announce to the inhabitants their arrival in town, and the object of it, their great celebrity in their own country, the number of tunes they played, and their rate of charge per day, per night, or hour. Very soon after, they were called upon by a venerable looking old man, grey haired and somewhat wrinkled, of genteel deportment and liberal disposition; for, instead of grudging their charges, as they expected, he only said that he would double the demand. They cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and soon they found themselves at the door of a very curious dwelling, the appearance of which they did not at all relish. It was night, but still they could easily distinguish the house to be neither like the great Castle Grant, Castle Lethindry, Castle Roy, or Castle-na-muckkerach at home, nor like any other house they had seen on their travels. It resembled a huge fairy 'Tomnan,' such as are seen in Glenmore. But the mild persuasive eloquence of the guide, reinforced by the irresistible arguments of a purse of gold, soon removed any scruples they felt at the idea of entering so novel a mansion. They entered the place, and all sensations of fear were soon absorbed in those of admiration of the august assembly which surrounded them; strings tuned to sweet harmony, soon

gave birth to glee in the dwelling. The floor bounded beneath the agile 'fantastic tor,' and gaiety in its height pervaded every soul present. The night passed on harmoniously, while the diversity of the reels, and the loveliness of the dancers, presented to the fiddlers the most gratifying scene they ever witnessed; and in the morning, when the ball was terminated, they took their leave, sorry that the time of their engagement was so short, and highly gratified at the liberal treatment which they experienced. But what was their astonishment, on issuing forth from this strange dwelling, when they beheld the novel scene which surrounded them. Instead of coming out of a castle, they found they had come out of a little hill, they knew not what way, and on entering the town they found those objects which yesterday shone in all the splendour of novelty, to-day exhibit only the ruins and ravages of time, while the strange innovations of dress and manners displayed by their numerous spectators, filled them with wonder and consternation. At last a mutual understanding took place between themselves, and the crowd assembled to look upon them, and a short account of their adventures led the more sagacious part of the spectators to suspect at once, that they had been paying a visit to the inhabitants of *Tomnafurich*, which, not long ago, was the grand rendezvous of many of the fairy bands inhabiting the surrounding districts; and the arrival of a very old man on the spot set the matter fairly at rest. On being attracted by the crowd, he walked up to the two poor old oddities, who were the subject of amazement, and having learned their history, thus addressed them: 'You are the two men my great-grandfather lodged, and who, it was supposed, were decoyed by Thomas Rymer to *Tomnafurich*. Sore did your friends lament your loss—but the lapse of a hundred years has now rendered your name extinct.'

"Finding every circumstance conspire to verify the old man's story, the poor fiddlers were naturally inspired with feelings of reverential awe at the secret wonders of the Deity—and it being the Sabbath-day, they naturally wished to indulge those feelings in a place of worship. They, accordingly, proceeded to church, and took their places, to hear public worship, and sat for a while listening to the pealing bells which, while they summoned the remainder of the congregation to church, summoned them to their long homes. When the ambassador of peace ascended the sacred place, to announce to his flock the glad tidings of the gospel—strange to tell, at the first word uttered by his lips, his ancient hearers, the poor deluded fiddlers, both crumbled into dust."

FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY TO THE POLAR SEA.

WERE an Echo susceptible of pleasure, we might feel some gratification in the thanks and commendations we have received for the manner in which we introduced Captain Franklin's delightful work to the public in our last Number. But we feel too entirely that we were only the echo of attractive sounds, to appropriate any part of the praise to ourselves. The narrative is altogether so interesting, and the volume published in a style so creditable to the English press and arts, that it is impossible to describe the lat-

* Mr. Finden's engravings are exquisite: they perfectly come up to our often-expressed idea of the style in which such illustrations ought to be executed.—Ed.

ter, or quote from the former, without producing an effect whose force is intrinsic and independent of our praise. We are however glad to do our duty in propagating the *in-fu-er-na*.

We do not know that we can, for the present, do better for our distant readers, who cannot yet have seen much of the work itself, than take it up where we left off, and select the leading features for their perusal. The wreck of the Expedition was reassembled, as in a tomb or charnel-house, at Fort Enterprise, cruelly deceived in their expectations of finding succour there, after their dreadful struggles to reach that promised land. The picture continues to be most affecting:

"November 1.—This day was fine and mild. Hepburn went hunting, but was as usual unsuccessful. As his strength was rapidly declining, we advised him to desist from the pursuit of deer; and only to go out for a short time, and endeavour to kill a few partridges for Peltier and Semandrè. The Doctor obtained a little *tripe de roche*, but Peltier could not eat any of it, and Semandrè only a few spoonfuls, owing to the soreness of their throats. In the afternoon Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty, and looked piteously; at length he slid from his stool upon his bed, as we supposed to sleep, and in this composed state he remained upwards of two hours, without our apprehending any danger. We were then alarmed by hearing a rattling in his throat, and on the Doctor's examining him, he was found to be speechless. He died in the course of the night. Semandrè sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted in pounding some bones; but on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and I deeply lament to add he also died before daylight. We removed the bodies of the deceased into the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them, or even carrying them down to the river.

"It may be worthy of remark that poor Peltier, from the time of Benoit's departure, had fixed on the first of November as the time when he should cease to expect any relief from the Indians, and had repeatedly said that if they did not arrive by that day, he should not survive.

"Peltier had endeared himself to each of us by his cheerfulness, his unceasing activity, and affectionate care and attentions, ever since our arrival at this place. He had nursed Adam with the tenderest solicitude the whole time. Poor Samandrè was willing to have taken his share in the labours of the party, had he not been wholly incapacitated by his weakness and low spirits. The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions rendered us very melancholy. Adam became low and despondent, a change which we lamented the more, as we had perceived he had been gaining strength and spirits for the two preceding days. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labour of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance; indeed both of them most kindly urged me not to make the attempt. They were occupied the

whole of the next day in tearing down the logs of which the store-house was built, but the mud plastered between them was so hard frozen that the labour of separation exceeded their strength, and they were completely exhausted by bringing in wood sufficient for less than twelve hours' consumption.

"I found it necessary in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam, and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition, and to keep up his spirits as far as possible. I also lay by his side at night.

"On the 3d the weather was very cold, though the atmosphere was cloudy. This morning Hepburn was affected with swelling in his limbs; his strength, as well as that of the Doctor, was rapidly declining; they continued, however, to be full of hope. Their utmost exertions could only supply wood, to renew the fire thrice, and on making it up the last time we went to bed. Adam was in rather better spirits, but he could not bear to be left alone. Our stock of bones was exhausted by a small quantity of soup we made this evening. The toil of separating the hair from the skins, which in fact were our chief support, had now become so wearisome as to prevent us from eating as much as we should otherwise have done."

It is hardly possible to read this unaffected and truly pathetic tale without being moved to tears. What is the poetical distress of tragedy to its melancholy details! In four days more we are told—

"The swellings in Adam's limbs having subsided, he was free from pain, and arose this morning in much better spirits, and spoke of cleaning his gun ready for shooting partridges, or any animals that might appear near the house, but his tone entirely changed before the day was half over; he became again dejected, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to eat. The Doctor and Hepburn were almost exhausted. The cutting of one log of wood occupied the latter half an hour; and the other took as much time to drag it into the house, though the distance did not exceed thirty yards. I endeavoured to help the Doctor, but my assistance was very trifling. Yet it was evident that, in a day or two, if their strength should continue to decline at the same rate, I should be the strongest of the party.

"I may here remark that owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably), of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the day-time we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed, that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the

other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.'

On the 7th, the Indians sent by Mr. Back happily arrived with relief, and so dreadfully seasonably, that

"Poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sank down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence, his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days."

"The Indians had left Akaitcho's encampment on the 5th November, having been sent by Mr. Back with all possible expedition, after he had arrived at their tents. They brought but a small supply of provision, that they might travel quickly. It consisted of dried deer's meat, some fat, and a few tongues. Dr. Richardson, Hepburn, and I, eagerly devoured the food, which they imprudently presented to us; in too great abundance, and in consequence we suffered dreadfully from indigestion, and had no rest the whole night. Adam being unable to feed himself, was more judiciously treated by them, and suffered less; his spirits revived hourly. The circumstance of our eating more food than was proper in our present condition, was another striking proof of the debility of our minds. We were perfectly aware of the danger, and Dr. Richardson repeatedly cautioned us to be moderate; but he was himself unable to practise the caution he so judiciously recommended."

On the 16th, the party were enabled to quit Fort Enterprise, and descend Winter River, &c.; and on the 26th reached the abode of the Chief (their companion) Akaitcho.

Mr. Back's narrative, corresponding with that of Captain Franklin, and that of Dr. Richardson (he having left them, accompanied by St. Germain, Belanger, and Beaulieu, to seek relief for the party at Fort Enterprise,) is of nearly equal interest; and we shall transcribe a few of its striking passages.

October 6. "My increasing debility had for some time obliged me to use a stick for the purpose of extending my arms; the pain in my shoulders being so acute, that I could not bear them to remain in the usual position for two minutes together. We halted at five among some small brushwood, and made a sorry meal of an old pair of leather trowsers, and some swamp tea."

7th. "In the evening, from there being no *tripe de roche*, we were compelled to satisfy, or rather allay, the cravings of hunger, by eating a gun cover and a pair of old shoes: at this time I had scarcely strength to get on my legs."

Their disappointment at arriving at Fort Enterprise is feelingly painted—

"We passed the Slave Rock, and making frequent halts, arrived within a short distance of Fort Enterprise; but as we perceived neither any marks of Indians, nor even of animals, the men began absolutely to despair: on a nearer approach, however, the tracks of large herds of deer, which had only passed a few hours, tended a little to revive their spirits, and shortly after we crossed the ruinous thro-hold of the long-sought-for spot; but what was our surprise, what our sensations, at beholding every thing in the most desolate and neglected state: the doors and windows of that room in which we expected to find provisions, had been thrown down, and carelessly left so; and the wild animals of the woods had resorted there, as to a place of shelter and retreat. Mr. Wentzel had taken away the trunks and papers, but had left no note to guide us to the Indians. This was to us the most grievous disappointment: without the assistance of the Indians, bereft of every resource, we felt ourselves reduced to the most miserable state, which was rendered still worse, from the recollection that our friends in the rear were as miserable as ourselves. For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them. A fire, however, was made, and the neck and bones of a deer, found lying in the house, were boiled and devoured."

"I determined to remain a day here to repose ourselves, and then to go in search of the Indians, and in the event of missing them, to proceed to the first trading establishment, which was distant about one hundred and thirty miles, and from thence to send succour to my companions."

In executing this generous purpose, one time Belanger had been despatched a distance of four miles, but so reduced were the miserable travellers,

"October 16.—We waited until two in the afternoon for Belanger; but not seeing any thing of him on the lake, we set out, purposing to encamp at the Narrows, the place which was said to be so good for fishing, and where, according to St. Germain's account, the Indians never failed to catch plenty; its distance at most could not be more than two miles. We had not proceeded far before Beaulieu began to complain of increasing weakness. This was so usual with us that no particular notice was taken of it, for in fact there was little difference, all being alike feeble: among other things, he said whilst we were resting, that he should never get beyond the next encampment, for his strength had quite failed him. I endeavoured to encourage him by explaining the mercy of the Supreme Being, who ever beholds with an eye of pity those that seek his aid. This passed as common discourse, when he inquired where we were to put up; St. Germain pointed to a small clump of pines near us, the only place indeed that offered for fuel. 'Well,' replied the poor man, 'take your axe, Mr. Back, and I will follow at my leisure, I shall join you by the time the encampment is made.' This is a usual practice of the country, and St. Germain and myself went on towards the spot; it was five o'clock and not very cold, but rather milder than we had experienced it for some time, when, on leaving the ice, we saw a number of crows perched on the top of some high pines near

us. St. Germain immediately said there must be some dead animal thereabouts, and proceeded to search, when we saw several heads of deer half buried in the snow and ice, without eyes or tongues. The previous severity of the weather only having obliged the wolves and other animals to abandon them. An expression of 'Oh merciful God! we are saved,' broke from us both; and with feelings more easily imagined than described, we shook hands, not knowing what to say for joy. It was twilight, and a fog was rapidly darkening the surface of the lake, when St. Germain commenced making the encampment; the task was too laborious for me to render him any assistance, and had we not thus providentially found provision, I feel convinced that the next twenty-four hours would have terminated my existence. But this good fortune, in some measure, renovated me for the moment, and putting out my whole strength, I contrived to collect a few heads, and with incredible difficulty carried them singly about thirty paces to the fire.

"Darkness stole on us apace, and I became extremely anxious about Beaulieu; several guns were fired, to each of which he answered. We then called out, and again heard his responses, though faintly, when I told St. Germain to go and look for him, as I had not strength myself, being quite exhausted. He said, that he had already placed a pine branch on the ice, and he could then scarcely find his way back, but if he went now he should certainly be lost. In this situation I could only hope that as Beaulieu had my blanket, and every thing requisite to light a fire, he might have encamped at a little distance from us."

"October 17.—The night was cold and clear, but we could not sleep at all, from the pains of having eaten. We suffered the most excruciating torments, though I in particular did not eat a quarter of what would have satisfied me; it might have been from using a quantity of raw or frozen sinews of the legs of deer, which neither of us could avoid doing, so great was our hunger. In the morning, being much agitated for the safety of Beaulieu, I desired St. Germain to go in search of him, and to return with him as quick as possible, when I would have something prepared for them to eat."

"It was, however, late when he arrived, with a small bundle which Beaulieu was accustomed to carry, and with tears in his eyes, told me that he had found our poor companion dead. Dead! I could not believe him. 'It is so, Sir,' said St. Germain; 'after hallooing and calling his name to no purpose, I went towards our last encampment, about three quarters of a mile, and found him stretched upon his back on a sand bank frozen to death, his limbs all extended and swelled enormously, and as hard as the ice that was near him; his bundle was behind him, as if it had rolled away when he fell, and the blanket which he wore around his neck and shoulders thrown on one side. Seeing that there was no longer life in him, I threw your covering over him, and placed his snow shoes on the top of it.'

"I had not even thought of so serious an occurrence in our little party, and for a short time was obliged to give vent to my grief."

Belanger rejoined the two remaining wanderers:—"We had set fishing-lines, but without any success; and we often saw large herds of deer crossing the lake at full speed, and wolves pursuing them."

"On the 27th we discovered the remains of a deer, on which we feasted. The night was unusually cold, and ice formed in a pint-pot within two feet of a fire. The coruscations of the Aurora were beautifully brilliant; they served to shew us eight wolves, which we had some trouble to frighten away from our collection of deer's bones; and, with their howling, and the constant cracking of the ice, we did not get much rest.

"Having collected with great care, and by self-denial, two small packets of dried meat or sinews, sufficient (for men who knew what it was to fast) to last for eight days at the rate of one indifferent meal per day, we prepared to set out on the 30th. I calculated that we should be about fourteen days in reaching Fort Providence; and, allowing that we neither killed deer nor found Indians, we could but be unprovided with food six days, and this we heeded not whilst the prospect of obtaining full relief was before us.

"Accordingly we set out against a keen north-east wind, in order to gain the known route to Fort Providence. We saw a number of wolves and some crows on the middle of the lake, and supposing such an assembly was not met idly, we made for them, and I came in for a share of a deer, which they had killed a short time before, and thus added a couple of meals to our stock. By four p.m. we gained the head of the lake, or the direct road to Fort Providence, and some dry wood being at hand, we encamped." - - -

In a few days more they were relieved by the Indians.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FACETIE.

SIR,—Your Correspondent H., who has so obligingly revived the Facetie of Hierocles, having mentioned Coggeshall in Essex, has recalled to my mind a variety of such pleasantries. His expression, that Coggeshall is famous for this species of wit, is rather loose; its inhabitants are famous as being the butt of such stories, which their neighbours take a malicious pleasure in relating of them. Having resided for ten years in the neighbourhood, I of course heard numbers of those 'authentic anecdotes' related for the amusement of the young folks on winter evenings. I select the following specimens of those which the lapse of five or a twenty years has not yet effaced from my recollection. W. E. L.

1. The inhabitants not liking the situation of their church, and being unable to afford the expense of pulling it down and building another, resolved to attempt to remove it entire. Some dozen stout labourers were hired to shove it to the desired site. Before they commenced their operations, they pulled off their jackets and laid them down, to mark how far they were to move the church; they then went to the other side, and set to work. Meantime their clothes were stolen. After shoving for some time, they went to the other side to see what progress they had made, and finding their clothes gone, they said it was a pity they had not left off sooner, as they had shoved the church too far, and covered their clothes.

2. A man having received from Colchester some red herrings as a present, was so pleased with them, that he sent for a bushel to stock his pond.

3. A gentleman having received some oysters, ordered his cook to send them up for supper. She served up the shells nicely

washed. Being asked what she had done with the oysters, she replied that she had only gutted them.

4. Another, who had received a barrel of oysters, paved his court-yard with them, in various devices, of circles, stars, &c.

5. One who had planted French beans, watched anxiously to see them shoot; but perceiving the beans appear above the ground, he conceived he had planted them the wrong end downwards, and accordingly took them up and reversed them.

6. A countryman returning home one evening, saw the reflection of the moon in a pond; he immediately gave the alarm that the moon had fallen into the water. The peasants, with their long rakes, proceeded to get it out; but when they had disturbed the water, they said they had unfortunately broken the moon to pieces, and it would be useless to proceed in their operations, as they never should be able to put all those fragments together.—[In how many forms and languages has this jest been repeated?—Ed.]

7. One sent his servant to buy cherries, charging him to bring very large ones; the man bringing them much smaller than he expected, he eat them with spectacles on, that he might fancy they were large.

8. A good housewife having received a pound of coffee, boiled it, and served it up with parsley and butter. She declared they were the very worst peas she had ever seen, as she had boiled them for hours, and yet they remained quite hard.

9. Another boiled a pound of tea, and served up the leaves like spinach, throwing the water away.—[I am not sure whether 7 is really a Coggeshall story; 8 and 9 I have heard also in the north of England, and even in Germany.]

10. The moat of a neighbouring manor-house being to be drained, the fish were advertised for sale. Some inhabitants of Coggeshall, who attended the sale, were met on their return, with their carts heavily laden, fagging up a steep hill. From the inquiries made of them by a citizen of Colchester who met them, it appeared, that intending to buy some of the fish, they had providently taken tubs full of water to put them in; and that, though they did not buy any, they were returning with their tubs still full, without thinking to relieve their horses, which were sinking with fatigue.

11. Their crops having failed one year, for want of warmth, they selected certain barns, which they set wide open on a very hot day, when the sun was in full lustre, and then very carefully closed them, to preserve a stock of sunshine against a time of need.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. ROGET commenced his eighth Lecture with a general review of the Physiology of Vertebrated Animals. The division of the animal kingdom into the four great departments of Radiated, Annulose, Molluscos, and Vertebrated Animals, he observed, is founded on the prevalence of certain primitive designs in the construction of the body and the economy of its functions, throughout all the individual species belonging to each series. These types or models of conformation may be regarded as the four orders of zoological architecture, each having its distinctive characters, laws, and conditions of existence. This uniformity of design is particularly conspicuous in the great division of

vertebrated animals, which includes fishes, reptiles, birds, quadrupeds, and Man himself. All the tribes belonging to these classes, however different the elements appointed for their habitation, or however fitted for pursuing various modes of life, are yet constructed upon one and the same general plan, not only with regard to the offices and connexions of the more essential organs, but also with reference to the mechanical circumstances of conformation. Their whole organization is more refined, and is directed to a wider range of objects, to a higher order of faculties, and to a longer duration of existence, than is exemplified in any of the classes which have been reviewed in the preceding Lectures. The nervous system, in particular, is more developed in all its parts, and its energies are, at the same time, more concentrated in particular portions of that system, subservient to the functions of perception and of intellect. The organs of sense are constructed with more refinement, and with more exact adaptation to their respective objects.

Vertebrated animals are characterized by the possession of an internal osseous skeleton, composed of several pieces of bone, moveable upon one another by means of joints, and composing a connected frame-work, which sustains the weight of the other organs, and furnishes solid and unyielding levers, by which the force of the muscles in their various actions can be most advantageously exerted. Dr. ROGET pointed out the striking analogy which might be traced with regard to the number, form, and connexions of the parts composing the limbs, throughout the whole series of vertebrated animals; and entered into many interesting details concerning the structure of the spine, which he considered as the great central beam of the fabric, the axis of the principal motions of the trunk, and the common fulcrum on which the principal levers of the extremities are made to turn. The admirable adaptation of its structure to the protection of the spinal marrow from injury, during all these movements, was particularly dwelt upon.

Bony structures, being peculiar to vertebrated animals, require to be considered among the general features of the organization of this division. The mechanical circumstances under which they act and are acted upon, are widely different from those in which the harder parts of the inferior classes are placed. A different material, namely, phosphate of lime, is therefore employed for their construction. The plan of their formation is totally different from that of shell. A shell, when once it has been formed, is wholly inorganic; it is not pervaded by the vessels of the animal from which it was originally derived, and may be regarded as a dead and extraneous substance, mechanically attached to parts which are endowed with vitality. Whereas a bone, in every stage of its growth, and even when completely formed, constitutes a part of the living organization, and is highly vascular, and susceptible of all the changes which disease induces in the softer organs. Dr. ROGET next pointed out the methods by which the composition of bone may be rendered evident: in the one case, by the destruction of the animal portion by the action of fire; and in the other, by the dissolution of the earthy portion by a diluted mineral acid: and showed how the hardness resulting from the one, was tempered by the elasticity communicated to it by the other—the union of the two producing the requisite

qualities of rigidity and strength. A detailed account was then given of the natural process of ossification in its several stages, from the gelatinous pulse, in which the cartilage, or mould of the future bone, is formed, to the completion of the osseous structure.

Among vertebrate animals, as well as among the other divisions of the animal kingdom, the aquatic tribes present us with the simplest structures. Even among fishes we may perceive a gradation in different tribes with respect to the order in which they approximate to the standard of conformation. In several fishes the skeleton never attains the osseous structure, but continues always in the state of cartilage instead of bone. Hence the primary division of this class into Cartilaginous and Osseous Fishes. The Shark, the Ray, the Sturgeon, &c. belong to the first of these divisions, and most other fishes to the latter. A few genera have every part of the skeleton so soft and membranous, that they cannot even be regarded as composed of cartilage. This is the case with the Lamprey and Myxine; or Gastrobranchus, which from their great resemblance to the Vermes, were associated by Linnæus with the animals of that class.

All the organs of fishes are softer and more watery than those of terrestrial animals. A quantity of water is always found in the large cavity of the skull, of which cavity the brain occupies only a small part, its bulk being very small in proportion to the size of the whole body, and still more so that of the nerves which arise from it. In the White Shark the proportion of the brain to the rest of the body is as 1 to 2500; in the Tunny, as 1 to 37,440; in the Carp, as 1 to 560. The greater comparative size of the brain in the Carp appears to indicate some relation to the perfection of its perceptive faculties, as this species is remarkable for its intelligence and docility. Fishes seem incapable, from their structure, of exercising with any perfection the sense of touch. The Cirri, and filamentous Tentacula found in some species, are perhaps subservient to this sense. Dr. ROGER gave an account of some organs of a very singular structure, lately discovered by Mr. Jacobson, in the Ray and Shark tribes, which are conjectured to relate to some modification of touch. He proceeded to notice the peculiarities in the structure of the eyes of fishes, explaining the reason of the greater size of the organ, the greater density and convexity of its refracting humours, and the absence of eyelids and of lachrymal glands. The singular division of each eye in the Cobitis Anableps, so that the animal appears to have four eyes instead of two; the curtain behind the pupil in the Ray tribe; the distorted position of the eyes in the family of Pleuronectes; and the total absence of these organs in the *Cæcilia* and the *Myxine*, were severally adverted to. The organs of hearing were next explained; and experiments proving the power of water to convey sounds were adduced. The question as to the office of the nasal cavities, so universally met with in this tribe of animals, and which Duméril regards as organs not of smell, but of taste, was discussed. Dr. ROGER described the various forms of the teeth of fishes, and the different modes of their succession; the structure of the digesting apparatus, so simple in some fish, and so complicated in others, and so generally beset with numerous tubular appendages; the position and office of the heart, which, instead of being aortic, as in the Mollusca, is bronchial;

the structure of the gills, and the mode in which the water taken in at the mouth is forcibly applied to their surface, so as to act on the blood circulating in the bronchial vessels; and the mechanism of those movements by which progressive motion is effected, in consequence of the impulse given to the body by the tail and the fins. The use of the air-bladder in enabling the animal to change its specific gravity, and thus rise or descend in the water, was explained. Those fishes which are unprovided with this instrument, as the *Pleuronectes*, seldom rise in the water; and when they do so it is with manifest effort, and by a continual beating and flapping of the water with their broad surfaces, in a manner analogous to the action of the wings of a bird in flying. Those fishes which swim rapidly, and which frequently ascend and descend in the water, are in general provided with the largest air-bladders.

METHOD OF MAKING THE FAMOUS VENETIAN (GLASS) BEADS.

[From Drs. Hoppe and Hornschuch's Tour to the Adriatic Shores, Carniola, &c.]

The first operations are performed at Murano, near Venice.

"The furnace and the glass (white glass) are similar to what we see in common glass-houses; but mixed with the glass is a colouring substance, which constitutes the whole secret of the manufactory. This is reduced to a state of fusion, when a certain quantity is taken up with the blowpipe by a workman, and made hollow by the breath; then another person lays hold of the opposite end of the same mass, with a similar instrument, and both run with the greatest expedition to two opposite points, thereby drawing out the glass into rods, varying in thickness, according to the distance, which is often fifty feet or more. For the performance of this operation, there is a long walk (like a rope-walk) close by the glass-furnace.

"As soon as the rods are cooled, they are broken into pieces of the same length, packed and sorted in chests, and sent to the bead manufactory in Venice. If the rods are to be for striped beads, a small lump of coloured glass is taken from another vessel, laid in stripes on the original lump, and then drawn out in lengths. We got from this manufactory rods three feet in length, and of a finger's thickness, which had a ball blown at one end, and which are used to tie up plants in flower-pots.

"At the manufactory in Venice, a person selects from the chests, rods of the same lengths; which are cut into pieces of what size he pleases, in the following manner:—The instrument employed consists of a wooden block, in which is fixed a sharp iron, shaped like a broad chisel; on this the workman lays the glass rods, and with a similar chisel-like tool in his hand, he cuts, or rather chops, them into the sizes that he wants for the beads. Hence they are taken, and put into a mixture of sand and ashes, and stirred till the hollows of the glasses are filled, which prevents them from running together in the fire. They are then placed in a vessel, with a long handle; more sand and ashes are added, and the whole set over a coal fire; stirred continually with an instrument resembling a hatchet, with a round end, by which process they obtain their globular figure. The sand and ashes are removed by sifting, and the beads themselves, after being separated with sieves, according to their sizes, are strung upon threads,

packed in bundles, and are ready for exportation. The quantity thus made is astonishing. Many hundred weight stand in casks, ready filled, to be sent to almost all parts of the world, but principally to Spain, and the east of Africa. The Emperor, during his short stay in Venice, inspected this manufactory, and gave the medal of civil merit to the proprietor, who has fixed it in his house, in remembrance of this imperial visit. Every thing was shewn us with the greatest civility; we were, besides, entertained with coffee, and presented with several patterns of glass-roses, and pattern cards, that contained not less than sixty different kinds of beads."

LITERATURE, ETC.

ITALIAN IMPROMPTU POETRY.

WE shall at last have an opportunity of hearing an Improvisatore in London; for it is announced that Mr. Phillip Pistrucci, whom we have more than once noticed for his impromptu poetical talents, intends shortly to exhibit here. His challenge is "not only to accept any subject that may be proposed to him, and compose the verses in any measure that may be named, but also to terminate the lines with such rhymes as any one present may think proper to dictate. He likewise engages to compose verses on six different subjects, and in six different measures, at the same time—the stanzas following each other, in mixed succession, without having recourse to any one to remind him where he left off. These being copied and properly adjusted, will appear as if composed in a regular succession, and not in a mixed order." Mr. P. can also compose *all' improvise*, an entire Tragedy; an undertaking which he states to be hitherto unattempted by any one; performing at the same time the various parts of the *Persone Dramatiche*, and introducing the appropriate airs, recitatives, and chorusses.—Mr. P. is now, we observe, in London.

OXFORD, April 12.—On Wednesday last, the first day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. W. Bramston, Fellow of All Souls' College; Rev. R. Weston Leonard, and R. Brough Anderdon, Queen's College; Rev. R. Ballard Phillips, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. Sherlock Carey, Student, J. Turner, and Rev. J. Hanbury, Christ Church; T. Townson Churton, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. S. Johnson, and Rev. J. Hampson Johnson, Lincoln College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Watson, St. Edmund Hall; E. Rudall, Pembroke College.

FINE ARTS.

GLOVER'S GALLERY.

THIS beautiful landscape painter has again opened his Gallery in Bond Street. To the pictures of last season his industry has added about twenty new subjects, full of nature and truth. These are chiefly from scenery in Yorkshire; but the picturesque forms of Dovedale in Derbyshire, also contribute to enrich the exhibition. In these we witness the closest details combined with the finest natural effects; the striking variations of light and shadow, so often observable as they rapidly and partially change the features of the landscape, are delightfully preserved; and on the whole, we think the additions, additions also to the reputation of the artist.

LORD RADSTOCK'S PICTURES.

This private collection, long known for its general taste and the excellence of some of its subjects, comes to the hammer to-day in Bond Street. What has induced its esteemed owner to part with it, has not been publicly stated, and we have no right to inquire; but we may presume, from the high character, the advanced age, and the respected station of the individual, that only arrangements which he has thought it becoming and proper to make has led to this sacrifice. Be that as it may, the pictures consigned to Mr. Phillips are worthy of a visit, and it is to apprise our readers of the opportunity for seeing the collection unbroken, that we pen this notice. There are several beautiful pieces by Titian, and a few of the best Italian masters; but the majority are of other schools. A fine Poussin; an Ostade; Dusart's admirable specimen; a portrait on a large scale by Metz; Vanderveide's charming sea-pieces, with their alternate darkness and light. Rembrandt, Vandermeer, and other distinguished names complete the catalogue, and form altogether one of those small cabinet collections which even judgment and long attention can seldom make.

WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION.

By a concurrence fortunate for British Art, M. David's grand Picture in Pall Mall East has been succeeded by the Annual Exhibition of our Native Artists in Water-colours—a branch peculiarly national and peculiarly beautiful. At present we can only speak from a hurried coup d'œil; but that enables us to say that there are small pictures here worth all the canvas of the Coronation. *Highland Girls at a Well*, by Cristall, is one of the finest works his pencil ever produced, and will, we trust, be immediately engraved. The same Artist has several single figures admirably done. Prout too, we think, has excelled himself in several extremely rich ancient fabrics, streets, &c. R. Hills has contributed a greater number than he has lately been in the habit of sending, of his delightful animal nature; nor is there any falling off in his perfect and picturesque method of displaying the beautiful forms of deer, &c. Robson is not only excellent as usual, but more various and bold. Some of his mountain scenery is magnificent, while his sober evening-lighted pieces breathe all the spirit of repose. C. Fielding has adorned the walls with many lovely and warm-tinted Views. Varley has "Thomson's Tomb," of which it may almost be imagined

"In yonder grave a Druid lies."

C. Wild has some fine foreign Churches and Interiors, with the ceremonies of religion performing; Stephanoff, a small but capital little scene of the time of Henry VIII.; H. Richter, a pleasing copy of his *Mischicous Schoolboys*; an Artist, whom we ought to know better than we do, of the name of Nesafeld, produces delicious small landscapes; Harding shines in the same walk; and Barret is most attractive on a larger scale.

If we omit any name deserving of notice, (as we feel we must do in our haste,) we shall endeavour to make amends hereafter.

ANCIENT PAINTING.

A statement in Reinhold Curiken's description of Dantzig, that in 1517 a beautiful new picture by a master named Michael was placed over the high altar of St. Mary's

church in that city, led to a supposition that the admirable Last Judgment, ascribed to Van Eyck, must be this identical picture, and consequently that it was not painted by Van Eyck, but by a master of the name of Michael, and even thought to be Michael Wohlgemut. This opinion, which had latterly acquired more consistency among connoisseurs, is now proved to be erroneous, by a singular discovery made at Dantzig, as appears by the following extract of a letter from the chief president Schön:—

"Professor Breissig has just found the Panels of the painter Michael, the existence of which was wholly unknown. He is now employed in cleaning these immense paintings, and, as far as we can yet see, they are very fine, and extremely rich in the composition. The date 1415 is on them, and the name of Michael. There is every reason to hope they will prove a great treasure. Further particulars as soon as possible."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS.

I looked upon the twilight Star,
And young blue eyes shone by my side,
And, with a lover's fondness, wished
It were a home for my sweet Bride!

Were my words sin, that I should have
To weep upon my fatal prayer?
My seat is by LANTHE'S grave—
That twilight Star is shining there!

----- It is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest-pride when I was young.
I can remember, when for miles around,
In place of these smooth meadows and corn-fields,
There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Hissing for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest; and overhead, the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;
Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antler'd
kings. -----

But this is as a dream,—the plough has pass'd
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked
On the green twilight of the forest-trees.
This Oak has no companion! -----

I should have prized thy heart, if none
Had ever had that heart but me,—
If I had been the only one,
The first, the last beloved by thee!
Thy hope, thy memory,—the all
Thy wish could pant for or recall!

But mine! mine is a second claim,
Not incense from your earliest sighs;
How can I love or trust the flame
First lighted at another's eyes?
The relics of another's shrine
Are worthless offerings at mine!

Can any love be like first love?
Sweets to the withered rose impart?
Light to yon setting star above?
Then tell me I have all your heart;
Till then, farewell,—I may not bear
Not to possess, but only share.

There is a curse laid on the human heart
Which hath a power, beyond all other things,
To wither and to waste:—disease, distress,
Remorse and poverty, are nothing to it!
It comes like winter on the bloom of youth,
Destroying and despoiling, till the cheek
Is pale with that worst famine, want of hope.—
Till the eyes have no brightness but their tears;
Till health be gone with hope, and till the heart
Has not a wish beyond the quiet grave;
When every pulse throbs languidly, and life
Has its best hours still numbered, as they count
The listless moments in the solitude
Of a sick room, but by their weariness.
When pleasure's self is loathed; when feelings turn
With shuddering at the too impassioned past,
Yet shrinking from the cold and gloomy future,
And pine and prey upon the present time,
Having no pity, as Death has on youth,
On loveliness, on genius, or on glory,—
This curse is ill-placed love!

Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
Are Love's most fitting offerings:
I'll weep his smiles, I'll weep his sighs,
But, more than all, I'll weep his wings.
I'll weep his smiles, for they first taught
My young heart what his sighs could be;
I'll weep his wings, for they have borne
Away the truth You pledged me! L. E. L.

LINES.

Pause—turn thine eye, and view with pitying scan
That wasting remnant of what was a man;
In youth a worldling, seeking transient joys,
He barter'd his best hopes for worthless toys.—
Why that hung limp,—that sad dejected air?
Is that the face which rev'nd age should wear?
The loss of vigorous health has sour'd his mind,
And mispent youth no solace left behind.
Did Beauty more than earthly lure him on,
Whilst gay he sported, Fortune's favour'd son?
In age he owns no magic in her sigh,
He reads no language in her heaving eye.
Did wild Ambition mock his rearing pow'rs,
And partial conquest strew his path with flow'rs?
Age steals their odour and their hue away,
And low'rs a cloud o'er glory's brightest day.
Did Bacchus round his brows the chaplet fling,
And toppers pledge him their anointed king?
In age the port is cork'd, the claret sour;
He sheds his honours and resigns his pow'r.
Did thousand gawey shadows woo his stay?
And Lux'ry's minions fan his years away?
In age no painted bauble charms his eye,
And Pleasure's phantoms devious pass him by.
The gamester's chance, aye, all the arts that live,
Now fail a respite to his thoughts to give;
Cool, staid reflection lays his vices bare,—
Relentless Conscience goads him to despair.
Down to the grave (yet fearing still to die,
Though all life's blessings from his presence fly,)
He sinks without a hope his soul to cheer;
His Memory lifeless—Grave without a tear.

J. D. W. S.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SHOWS OF LONDON.—No. XII.
Quelque Chose!— Dict. de l'Académie.

Sir,—As I was lately passing through some of the obscurer parts of the City, I felt a large hand-bill mysteriously thrust into my glove by a Jew pedlar. Upon returning to my lodgings I examined this paper, and soon found it to be one of those experiments that are now so common on the purges and credulity of my countrymen. Determined to use my best efforts for the exposure of so gross an imposture, I luckily recollected your *Gazette*. I accordingly made, from so

previous an original, the inclosed accurate copy, which you are, of course, at liberty to send to your cook or compositor. Although, indeed, should I "judge your feelings by my own," I could easily guess to which of these personages your patriotism will probably consign it.

I am, Sir, your frequent Reader,
117, Gun-lane. AGRILASTES.

To be viewed on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12 to 3 o'clock each day.

THE GRAND UDEPOTHIAN MUSEUM,
OR UNIQUE CABINET OF RARITIES;

Comprehending the most precious and inestimable Curiosities ever submitted to a discerning Public:

[37, Unicorn-court.—Admittance 2s. 6d.—Children and little Women half price.]

HERE are to be seen (No. 1) the Musculus Zingiberinus, or true Ginger Mouse of Siam, weighing only one quarter of a grain (Troy). Its colour a lovely grey, with scarlet whiskers and yellow feet! Its activity is incredible. It leaps, at the word of command, through the eye of a stocking-needle, back wards and forwards, for half an hour, without touching! It begs on its hinder legs like a spaniel, and will write, at a little ivory table, in a fair hand, the words, "Du fromage, s'il vous plait." And if any thing be then given it, it puts it, with a smile, into a velvet reticule that hangs by its side. It also stands upright, and making three low bows to the company, kisses its right paw, and with much dignity retires behind a green curtain into its box, never once turning its tail to its visitors!

No. 2. The Delphinus Coccineus, the Mû Dolphin, or Scarlet Topper of Kœmpfer, from the Japan Islands. It is about an inch in length, of a brilliant crimson, with orange gills, and quite tame, answering to its name, "Tommy," and swimming for a crumb of bread to the side where it is offered. It can live only in spirits, (commonly arrack, though gin or good whiskey will answer,) and hence has been called by the Dutch sailors, "Van Fellich Guiden," or "the Good Fellow." These beautiful creatures are usually dispersed, in glass vases, through the apartments of the nobility, (like the gold and silver fish with us,) and are in great request on account of their sagacity and playfulness. The present animal and its half-brother were presented by the Emperor Oihen-Abu-Taën to the Flemish Consul, Van Grouchen, as a special mark of royal favour. But the second having been, by the advice of the surgeon, removed to a large beer-glass for its health, was unfortunately swallowed, with the contents of its vessel, by a drunken skipper on board the De Wytt, leaving its disconsolate relative (the present fish) as the only specimen of this singular creature ever exhibited in Europe! [Two young fry, produced on the voyage, and of the full size of a rouncival pea, to be sold cheap, or let by the year.]

No. 3. The Phorus Bullatus, or Grand Columbian Button-plant. This extraordinary production grows to the size of the mahogany tree, which indeed it much resembles in its leaf and wood. It supplies the Indians of the New World with buttons for their breeches, when they set out in all their finery for the back settlements to traffic for brandy and tobacco. These buttons look like nature itself, and may vie with any in Mr. Snell-drake's shop, New Bond-street, but more particularly resemble the mohairs that he makes for the Quakers.

No. 4. The Arbor Philodendrea—"Vegetable Dentist" of Willdenow, or "American Tooth-pick-tree" of Sir E. S.—th.) This

interesting shrub is seldom above three feet, or three feet and a half, in height. It puts forth, every month but October, long, taper, snuff-coloured shoots, hard and shining; and much like porcupine quills,—a single touch of one of which will instantly cure the most inveterate tooth-ache, and if sprinkled, in the state of powder, on the smallest remnant of a decayed stump for three mornings (fasting,) will restore it to pristine health and beauty. A slip of this plant was lately sold to two old maids in Upper G—d-street for five guineas. [N.B. One of these ladies has since been married to a young gentleman of twenty-two.]

No. 5. The Oryctothauma Mexicannum, or Fossile Wonder of Mexico; discovered by a descendant of the great Montezuma, and by him presented to the celebrated Don Juan Arzuello, now on his travels in Spanish America. This substance is of a rude, singular form, weighing about two grains, of a blue metallic lustre, with large circular blotches, of a dull white, interposed. If held in a common silver tea-spoon over a candle, it becomes at first red, then black, green, yellow, purple, in regular succession! But at the purple change begins the wonder. The candle being snuffed, and the flame rendered clear and compact, the purple deepens, sparkles, blazes, and a low humming sound issues from the mass; this by degrees refines into the most delicious tones, either solemn or sprightly, as it is held high or low over the taper, and far superior to any sounds ever heard from an Eolian Harp! Two of the airs thus played have been actually set by Dr. —, and are to be had of the proprietor!—&c.

Here also are to be seen the Grillus Vaticanus, the Pediculus Monoculus, and the famous Singing Goose, or Anser Thurius, with many other articles much too numerous to be mentioned.

N.B. Perpetual tickets (transferable for two guineas.—The Oryctothauma being, like the Asbestos, inconsumable, attends concerts or dances, at ten guineas a night and a bottle of wine.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"I SAY he was a Tartar," said an old Pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building—"I say he was a Tartar."—"Then you're mistaken, Harry; he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs."—"I allow that he was strict, but always a sailor's friend," replied his companion. "Aye, aye, tarring a rope's-end, or rope's-ending a tar, 'twas all the same to him; his cats were often fed, Tom."—"That's poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him, Captain and Admiral, some years, and ought to know a little about him."—"Well, well, messmate, let's hear;—there's old James has just dowed his coach-whip (pendant,) and gone out of commission; and Keith has got a lift over the standing part of the fore-sheet. I've sailed with 'em both, but I'll not say more till you've told me of Seymour."—"Why then, d'ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers than when we arrived at Spithead during the Mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the *Triumph*—but howsoever I won't blow you up. You must know Lieutenant Q—was commanding-officer when the delegates came on board. 'Well, my men,' says he, 'what do you want here?'—'We want to speak to the ship's company, Sir,' said the

foremost. 'Oh certainly, certainly,' replied the Lieutenant. 'Here, Boatswain's Mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.' Well, Harry, you old rogue, didn't we all muster on the fore-castle, and listen to their lingo?—aye, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, 'Mayhap, gentlemen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with your officers?'—'Yes, yes,' said the leader, 'you're right.'—'Then all we have to say is,' said our spokesman, 'that we are not. We like our ship, like our Captain, like our Officers, and like one another—and so, gentlemen, good day.' There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in tow for a mutineer;—and now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see, every order was exposed publicly for the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: 'Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish.' Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope, or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, 'Hurrah, my boys! heave!' The Captain heard it—'Send that man on deck directly.' The Officer immediately picked him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and there stood the Captain with the Articles of War in his hand—by the bye I don't think he was a Lord then. Howsoever there he stood, and the Officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were lashed to the larboard gangway, the Quarter Masters ready with their foxes, and the Boatswain's Mates with the cats. 'Come here, my man,' said the Captain. 'Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'And why did you disobey?'—'It wasn't me, Sir; I never opened my lips.'—'Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?' said the Captain, turning to the Officer. 'Yes, Sir, confident; I removed him instantly from the bar.'—'Indeed, Sir, Mr. — is mistaken—I never spoke.'—'Are you certain, Mr. —?'—'Yes, Sir, quite certain.'—'Strip, then.' It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and 'Boatswain's Mate, give him two dozen,' was heard. The tails of the cat were clear'd, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rush'd from amongst us, caught the uplifted arm, and call'd out, 'Avast! avast! d—me it was I that sung out at the capstan!' and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. 'Stop,' said the Captain. 'Come here, my lad. Why didn't you come forward before?'—'Because, Sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I saw him likely to suffer for me, no, by —, I couldn't stand that.'—'And did he know it was you?'—'Yes, your honour, he knew it well; I was alongside of him at the bar—but he scorn'd to flinch.'—'Cast him off, and pipe down,' said the Captain. But Oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute, without moving, and then walk off together—but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then."

"And what became of the Officer?"
 "Why, the Captain sued round to him,
 and . . ."
 Here they again turned the quadrangle;
 all was hush'd, and I sought my pillow.
 AN OLD SAILOR.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Saturday, a new Opera, *Elisa e Claudio*, was produced at this Theatre. The Score is by Mercadante, a young composer (of Milan, we believe,) in the Rossini School. Its general character is light and pleasing; and two or three of the Airs remind us of the fine old Italian style, in which feeling and elegance are united. There is however nothing striking or novel in the composition as a whole; and if we were obliged to give it a name, it must rather be a middling than a high order. The plot of an Opera is seldom worth a critical paragraph. *Elisa* (Camporese,) is privately married to *Claudio* (Caradori,) but the Marquis (Placci,) father of *Silvia* (Graziani,) is determined on wedding her to *Claudio*, while a Count *Arnello* (Pasto,) is designed for *Elisa*. This involves, with the help of a friend of *Silvia*'s, *Charlotte* (Caradori,) and two children, the fruits of the private marriage, give rise to the incidents of the Piece, and are made the vehicle for the Songs. The friend having least to do, has the best airs to perform, and Caradori executed them very prettily. As for the children, they were the most comic appearances in the Opera; for they seemed to be just dragged out of a sound sleep, and gazed and gaped quite indifferently at a fashionable audience, which could not know what sleep meant so early as midnight. At all events they precociously displayed one of those qualities which yields a promise of cantatorial excellence; and if opening the mouth widely be, as teachers tell, an indispensable for the fine and full emission of volumes of sound, they bid fair in this particular to reach eminence, if not perfection. Their earliest efforts were rewarded with loud laughter—people laugh at little in the King's Theatre and the House of Commons—and the performances went down with applause, though not likely to stand longer than variety can recommend.

The Theatres have not produced any marked novelty this week. Comedies and Operas have prevailed at Drury Lane; and at Covent Garden the same genera have been intermixed with Tragedy. *King John*, highly cast—Macready, John; Kemble, Falconbridge; and Mrs. Ogilvie, Constance, on Thursday drew a crowded and admiring House; and on Wednesday, the revival of *Much ado about Nothing*, with Miss Chester as the Beatrice, was nearly as successful.

M. ALEXANDRE.—Our old and admired friend M. Alexandre has been, and is, delighting his audiences at the Olympic Theatre, by the display of his ventriloquial powers in the "*Rogues of Nicholas*," "*Food and Physic*," "*Curtain Lectures*," and other entertainments, if we may say so after the last two ominous words. However amused we are with these exhibitions of extraordinary power combined with a very agreeable comic talent, we are not displeased to see it announced that a new drama is in preparation; and the public will shortly have an opportunity of enjoying the treat which M. A. never

fails to afford, but in another shape, with other characters and in other combinations. Whatever he does, he is one of those rare individuals who, to the immediate gratification they give, add the reflection, that we are not likely ever to meet their like again.

VARIETIES.

M. Alexander Von Humboldt has certainly given up his plan of visiting Asia, which had excited such great hopes, and for which the King had promised the necessary funds. According to the accounts we have received, he thinks he should not attain his object there. He contemplates, however, another visit to Mexico.

Among the latest announced works, we observe, *Isabel St. Albe*, a Novel, by Miss Crumpe; *The Hat and the Castle*, a Romance; *Cardinal Beaton*, an Historical Drama, in Five Acts, by Tennant, the author of "*Antver Fair*," &c.; *A History of Suli and of Parga*, from the Modern Greek; and *The Works of Garcilasso de la Vega*, translated into English Verse by Mr. Wiffen, whose *Aonian Hours*, Specimen of Tasso, &c. have made him so favourably known to poetical readers.

A new translation of *Longinus* on the Sublime, with Notes Critical and Illustrative, is in great forwardness, by the Rev. W. T. Spaldens, of North Walsham.

Ringan Gilhaise, advertised in our present Number, by the Author of "*The Entail*," is, we understand, a narrative of a Covenanter's sufferings, supposed to be written by himself. A friend of ours, who has seen the early sheets, gives us a very favourable account of it, as doing honour to the name of this popular writer.

Mr. McDiarmid, whose *Scrap Book*, of which we spoke well in our review, is on the eve of a third edition to justify our opinion, and has, we hear, a second volume in a state of preparation.

A work on *Decorative Printing*, by Mr. Wm. Savage (an acknowledged ingenious compositor formerly in the employment of Mr. Bensley) will be ready for publication, we understand, by the beginning of May.

The Catalogue of the **GARRICK LIBRARY** is just issued, from which we have made the following extract:—

In offering for sale the Garrick Library, it appears necessary, and may be interesting, to prefix to the Catalogue a brief historical notice respecting it. Mr. Garrick, by his Will, directed that his rare Collection of Old Plays, which had been formed with great assiduity during the course of his theatrical life, should be deposited in the British Museum for the use of the Public; an injunction which was fulfilled soon after his decease in 1779. The volumes composing that Collection are uniformly bound, and distinguished by his initials. The remainder of his books, with the exception of such (to the value of one hundred pounds) as should be chosen by his widow for her own use, he bequeathed to his Nephew the Rev. Carrington Garrick, Vicar of Hendon. But Mrs. Garrick, who to a cultivated taste for literature joined a veneration for whatever had been collected by her husband, was unwilling to part with the Library which had been the source of so much of their mutual gratification, and therefore prevailed upon Mr. Carrington Garrick to dispose to her of the interest which he had acquired therein under his Uncle's Will. Towards the conclusion of her protracted life, Mrs. Garrick presented the greater part of the Greek and Latin Classics, together with her numerous and highly valuable Italian books, to Christopher Philip Garrick, Esq. the only son of Mr. Carrington Garrick, and at present the male representa-

tive of the family. The rest of the Library, considerably augmented by Mrs. Garrick since 1779, is now offered to the Public, with the exception only of books to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds bequeathed to the Rev. Thomas Rackett and George Frederick Beltz, Esq. Lancaster Herald, the executors of her will.

Silk Worm.—In a communication to the Society for Arts and Manufactures, (vol. iv. p. 163,) it is stated by Miss Henrietta Rhodes, that one line of the silk-worm, when unwound, measured 401 yards, and, when dry, weighed 3 grains. Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line 535 miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth would weigh no more than 47 pounds.

EPITAPH ON JOHN FORDACE, A FISHMONGER.
 Near to this Place, lies Jack Fordace,
 Fishmonger, late of Salmon Lane.
 He Corp'd and Smelt, bought, sold and feld,
 And sell'd it, till he was sell'd again.
 A Chub in person, varied hues a Trout,
 Foul as a Tench, and sullen as a Pout.
 In mind a Gudgeon, but, in shop, a Shark,
 Jack Made't trade asleep to life's latest spark.
 Now—Sound he sleeps in hope; and may no Surgeon

With Pike in search of knowledge Dare; to stir—
 John, § JACOB SPRAT.

* Whiting Point. † For Maud.
 ‡ The Dore Dance. § For Sturgeon.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Hunter's Captivity among the Indians of North America, 8vo. 12s.—*Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay*, Vol. 3. 4to. 3s. 13s. 6d.—*Turner's History of England*, Vol. 3. 4to. embracing the Middle Ages, 2l. 2s.—*Parson's History of St. Giles*, from 1101 to 1680, 4to. 5s. 6d. large paper 10l. 10s.—*Transactions of the Royal Society at Edinburgh*, Vol. 9. Part 2. 8s.—*The New Annual Register for 1822*, 8vo. 31s.—*Herrick's Poems*, 8 vols. post 8vo. 28s.—*Natura Rerum*, a satirical poem, 8vo. 7s.—*Alpine Tale*, 8vo. 7s.—*The Inquirer*, No. 4. 4s.—*Malte Brun's Geography*, Vol. 4. Part 1. 7s. 6d.—*Burder's Lectures on Religion*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Horae Romanae*, of an Attempt to Elucidate St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, 8vo. 3s.—*Seamus's Church in Canaan*, Vol. 1. 12mo. 6s.—*Parris's Medical Jurisprudence*, 3 vols. 8vo. 14 16s.—*The Philadelphia Medical Journal*, No. 96, 8vo. 5s.—*Howship on the Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, &c.* 8vo. 13s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

APRIL.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 10	from 36 to 50	29.32 to 30.05
Friday 11	from 30 to 54	30.07 to 30.09
Saturday . . . 12	from 26 to 45	30.08 to 30.03
Sunday 13	from 30 to 50	29.98 to 29.96
Monday 14	from 38 to 50	29.97 to 30.01
Tuesday . . . 15	from 38 to 52	30.21 to 30.24
Wednesday . 16	from 35 to 52	30.10 to 29.08

Prevailing winds, East and NE. Clear till Saturday, when it became cloudy, and has since continued so. The white frost on the mornings of the 11th, 12th, and 13th, has done much harm in flower and vegetable gardens.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Verec will probably have his wish gratified very soon.

For "the Gentleman deputed by a lover of the Fine Arts," &c. we left a memorandum for an appointment at our Office, and shall be glad to meet him at his own time and place. If on Friday, in central London, it will be the better suit our convenience.

We thank J. M. J. but do not think his subjects have that present interest so essential to a work like ours.

Yrnek Yelish will find a letter at our Office.

A Correspondent (one of the Goroo Noodles) says, "Not being any thing of a scholar myself, I cannot conceive what Lord Byron means when he says,

"Thou bloody and most footless Waterloo!"

Does he allude to the circumstance of some of our officers having fought in silk stockings and pumps?

* Our Paris Letter has not arrived; and we are besides obliged to postpone many interesting articles intended for insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now Open, 16, Old Bond-street, opposite Stafford-street.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS will Open their Nineteenth Annual Exhibition, at their New Gallery, 6, Pall Mall East (six Doors from the Haymarket), on Monday, April 21st. **COPLEY FIELDING, Secretary.**

TO be Sold by AUCTION by S. WILKIN, at the Large Room, Angel Inn, Norwich, the Entire and Valuable LIBRARY of a CLERGYMAN. Catalogues to be had of Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, Paternoster-row.

BRITISH GALLERY.—(Bond-street.) **BRITISH GALLERY.**—We understand that the entire remainder of the valuable Property forming the late British Gallery in Bond Street, comprising a splendid assemblage of Engravings from the Old Masters, copied from the Originals in the possession of the principal Noblemen and Gentlemen in the Kingdom; together with a Cabinet Series, reduced from the celebrated Collection of the Marquis of Stafford; has been committed to Mr. Saunders for public Sale during the present Session.

THE GARRICK LIBRARY. By Mr. Saunders, at his Great Room, No. 59, Fleet-street, on Wednesday, the 23d inst. and nine following days (Sunday excepted), at half-past 12 precisely, **THE extensive LIBRARY, splendid BOOKS of PRINTS, Poetical and Historical Tracts, of the late David Garrick, Esq.** removed from the Villa at Hampton, and House on the Adelphi Terrace, with the Modern Works added thereto by the late Mr. Garrick. To be viewed two days preceding the Sale. Catalogues had, price 1s. 6d. of Messrs. Longman & Co. Paternoster-row; of Mr. Triphook, Old Bond-street; and at the office of Mr. Saunders as above. A few Copies have been taken off on fine paper, in 4to. price 2s. each.

GREAT ROOM, SPRING GARDENS.—NOVELTY! **MARSHALL'S Grand Historical Peristrophe PANORAMA of the CEREMONY of the CORONATION.** The Coronation Procession, and the Banquet, painted on 10,000 square feet of canvas, and displaying nearly 100,000 figures, upwards of 500 of the principal characters on the foreground and the size of life. The movement of the Panorama, accompanied by a full Military Band, assisted by a Finger Organ and Trumpets, who perform the Coronation Music. Is now Open. Day Exhibitions to commence at 12, 1, 2, 3, & 4 o'clock; and in the Evening, brilliantly illuminated with Gas, at 7, 8, and 9 o'clock.—Admission: Boxes 2s. Gallery 1s.—Descriptive Book 6d.

On the 1st of March was published, and continued Monthly, No. 1. (containing Eight Plates, and 36 pages of Letter-press, price 2s. 6d.) of **THE GRAPHICAL and TOPOGRAPHICAL DELINEATIONS of the COUNTY of CORNWALL**, the whole is comprised in Six Numbers, and illustrated with 50 Plates; being Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, the principal Towns, and the most interesting objects of Antiquity. A large paper copy of this work is printed at 4s. per No. Published by W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall-court, Ludgate-street; and may be had of all the Booksellers in town or country.

(In One Fasciculus) price 7s. 6d. **THE BRITISH WARBLERS**; containing Six beautifully coloured Figures of the most interesting Birds of Passage belonging to the Genus *Sylvia*, taken from Living Specimens in the Author's Collection; including the Nightingale, Redstart, White-throat, Garden Warbler, &c. with Directions for their Treatment, according to the Author's method; in which is explained, how the interesting and fine Singing Birds belonging to this Genus may be managed, and kept in as good health as any common Birds whatever. Likewise an interesting Account of their Migration from one Country to another. By ROBERT SWEET, F.L.S. Author of *Hortus Suburbanus Londinensis*, Botanical Cultivator, Ornithologist, British Flower Garden, &c. &c. The Drawings by E. D. Smith, Artist for the Geraniaceae, and the British Flower Garden.

London: Published by W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall-court, Ludgate-street.

By the same Author, continued Monthly, 3s. No. 2. of **The British Flower Garden.**—Each Number contains Four Coloured Figures of the most ornamental and curious hardy Herbaceous Plants, including Perennials, Biennials, and Annuals, with their Scientific and English Names and Descriptions; best Method of Cultivation and Propagation; the heights they generally attain; and all other information respecting them that may be considered useful or entertaining.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. **New and Unparalleled Gallery of the Fine Arts.** **THE SUBLIME EQUESTRIAN GROUP.** Twenty-feet in Height, from Monte Cavallo at Rome; the most highly celebrated Statues by Michael Angelo, which have attracted the admiration of all who have visited Rome and Florence; and the beautiful and engaging Group of the Three Graces carved each other, one of the latest Works of that eminent and lamented Artist, Canova, Marchese d'Istria, are now on View; together with an exquisite Collection of Cabinet Pictures.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.—The Subscribers and Friends to this Institution are respectfully informed, that the Ninth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall on Friday the 23d of May. **Ht. Hon. THE EARL of LIVERPOOL, K.G.** in the Chair. **Stewards.**

Right Hon. The Lord Chancellor.
Right Hon. The Lord of Dartmouth.
Major General Sir W. Grant Kier, K.C.B.
Hon. Sampson Kirdley.
Jno. Allnutt, Esq.
W. Baines, Esq.
F. L. Chantrey, Esq. R.A.
Jno. Constable, Esq. R.A.
Jas. Davis, Esq.
S. V. Denning, Esq.
C. J. Fox, Esq.
Charles Francis, Esq.
Josh Gwillt, Esq.
George Harrison, Esq.
Charles Heath, Esq.
Mr. James Lamb.
James Lonsdale, Esq.
Edward J. Maccall, Esq.
Thomas Moore, Esq.
John Norrie, Esq.
Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A.
F. Pontet, Esq.
Henry Rice, Esq.
Alexander Temple, Esq.
C. Stanfield, Esq.
John Slater, Esq.
Charles Stokes, Esq.
George Tappan, Esq.
G. L. Taylor, Esq.
Charles Wainwright, Esq.
James Ward, Esq. R.A.
James Webster, Esq.
Henry Woodthorpe, jun. esq.
Samuel Woodin, Esq.
Jeffrey Wyatt, Esq. R.A.
M. C. Wyatt, Esq.—&c. &c.

Dinner on Table at 5 o'clock.
Tickets (with Wine included), at 1l. 1s. each, may be had of the Stewards; at the Secretary's, 63, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; of Mr. Roger, Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke-street, Portland-place; and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

JOHN YOUNG, Hon. Sec.

On the 1st of May will be published, in Foolscape, 7s. 6d. **THE FOREST MINSTREL**, and other Poems. By WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy.

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